

LETTERS

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady M--y W---y M-----e:

Written, during her TRAVELS in

EUROPE, ASIA AND AFRICA,

T O

Persons of Distinction, Men of Letters, &c.
in different PARTS of EUROPE.

WHICH CONTAIN,

Among other CURIOUS Relations,

ACCOUNTS of the POLICY and MANNERS
of the T U R K S ;

Drawn from Sources that have been inaccessible to
other Travellers.

V O L. III.

L O N D O N :

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Drawn from her own Observations, and
other authentic Sources.

VOL. II.

LONDON,

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LETTER XL.

To the Lady ———.

Pera, March 16, O. S.

I AM extremely pleased, my dear lady, that you have, at length, found a commission for me, that I can answer without disappointing your expectations; though I must tell you, that it is not so easy as perhaps you think it; and that, if my curiosity had not been more diligent than any other stranger's has ever yet been, I must have answered you with an excuse, as, I was forced to do, when you desired me to buy you a Greek slave. I have got for you, as you desire, a Turkish love-letter,

which I have put into a little box, and ordered the captain of the *Smyrniote* to deliver it to you with this letter. The translation of it is literally as follows: The first piece you should pull out of the purse, is a little Pearl, which is in Turkish called *Ingi*, and must be understood in this manner:

Ingi, | *Senin Uzellerin gingi*

Pearl, | Fairest of the young.

Caremsil, | *Caremsilsen cararen yök*

Clove, | *Congē gulsum timarin yök*

Benseny chok than severim

Senin benden, baberin yök

You are as slender as this clove!

You are an unblown rose!

I have long loved you, and you have not known it!

Pul, | *Derdime derman bul*

Jonquil, | Have pity on my passion!

Kibât,

[3]

Kibât, | *Birlerum sabât sabât*

Paper, | I faint every hour !

Ermüş, | *Ver bizê bir umut*

Fear, | Give me some hope.

Jabun, | *Derdinden oldum zabûn*

Soap, | I am sick with love.

Chemur, | *Ben Oliyim size umâr*

Coal, | May I die, and all my years be
yours !

Gul, | *Ben aglarum sen gul*

A rose, | May you be pleased, and your sor-
rows mine !

Hafir, | *Oliim sana yazir*

A straw, | Suffer me to be your slave.

Jô bô, | *Ustunê bulunmâz pahû*

Cloth, | Your price is not to be found.

Tartfin, | *Sen gbel ben chekeim senin bargin*

Cinamon, | But my fortune is yours.

Girô, | *Efking-ilen oldum ghirâ*

A match, | I burn, I burn ! my flame consumes
me !

<i>Sirma,</i>	<i>Uzun benden â yirmâ</i>
Goldthread,	Don't turn away your face.
<i>Satch,</i>	<i>Bazmazun tatch</i>
Hair,	Crown of my head!
<i>Uzum,</i>	<i>Benim iki Guzum</i>
Grape,	My eyes!
<i>Til,</i>	<i>Ulugorum tez ghe!</i>
Gold-wire,	I die——come quickly.

And by way of postscript :

<i>Beber,</i>	<i>Bize bir dogm haber</i>
Pepper,	Send me an answer.

You see this letter is all in verse, and I can assure you, there is as much fancy shewn in the choice of them, as in the most studied expressions of our letters; there being, I believe, a million of verses designed for this use. There is no colour, no flower, no weed, no fruit,

fruit, herb, pebble, or feather, that has not a verse belonging to it; and you may quarrel, reproach, or send letters of passion, friendship, or civility, or even of news, without ever inking your fingers.

I fancy you are now wondering at my profound learning; but alas, dear madam, I am almost fallen into the misfortune so common to the ambitious; while they are employed on distant insignificant conquests abroad, a rebellion starts up at home;—I am in great danger of losing my English. I find 'tis not half so easy to me to write in it, as it was a twelve month ago. I am forced to study for expressions, and must leave off all other languages, and try to learn my mother tongue.—Human understanding is as much limited as human

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power,

power, or human strength. The memory can retain but a certain number of images; and 'tis as impossible for one human creature to be perfect master of ten different languages, as to have, in perfect subjection, ten different kingdoms, or to fight against ten men at a time. I am afraid I shall at last know none as I should do. I live in a place, that very well represents the Tower of Babel; in Pera they speak *Turkish, Greek, Hebrew, Armenian, Arabic, Persian, Russian, Slavonian, Walachian, German, Dutch, French, English, Italian, Hungarian*; and what is worse, there are ten of these languages spoken in my own family. My grooms are *Arabs*, my footmen *French, English, and Germans*; my nurse an *Armenian*; my house maids *Russians*; half a dozen other servants *Greeks*; my steward an *Italian*; my Janizaries

nizaries *Turks*; so that I live in the perpetual hearing of this medley of sounds, which produces a very extraordinary effect upon the people that are born here; for they learn all these languages at the same time, and without knowing any of them well enough to write or read in it. There are very few men, women, or even children here, that have not the same compass of words in five or six of them. I know, myself, several infants of three or four years old, that speak Italian, French, Greek, Turkish, and Russian, which last they learn of their nurses, who are generally of that country. This seems almost incredible to you, and is, in my mind, one of the most curious things in this country, and takes off very much from the merit of our ladies, who set up for such extraordinary geniuses upon the credit of

some superficial knowledge of French
and Italian.

As I prefer English to all the rest, I
am extremely mortified at the daily de-
cay of it in my head, where, I'll assure
you (with grief of heart) it is reduced to
such a small number of words, I cannot
recollect any tolerable phrase to conclude
my letter with, and am forced to tell
your ladyship very bluntly, that I am,

Your faithful humble servant.

LET.

LETTER XLII

To the Countess of B ———.

AT length I have heard from my dear lady B —, for the first time. I am persuaded you have had the goodness to write before, but I have had the ill fortune to lose your letters. Since my last, I have stayed quietly at Constantinople, a city that I ought in conscience to give your ladyship a right notion of, since I know you can have none but what is partial and mistaken from the writings of travellers. 'Tis certain, there are many people that pass years here in *Pera*, without having ever seen it, and yet they all pretend to describe it. *Pera*, *Tophana*, and *Galata*, wholly inhabited by French-Christians (and which, together,

ther, make the appearance of a very fine town) are divided from it by the sea, which is not above half so broad as the broadest part of the Thames ; but the Christian men are loath to hazard the adventures they sometimes meet with amongst the *Levents* or Seamen (worse monsters than our watermen) and the women must cover their faces to go there, which they have a perfect aversion to do. 'Tis true, they wear veils in Pera, but they are such as only serve to shew their beauty to more advantage, and would not be permitted in Constantinople. These reasons deter almost every creature from seeing it ; and the French Ambassadors will return to France (I believe) without ever having been there. You'll wonder, Madam, to hear me add, that I have been there very often. The *Af-mack*, or Turkish veil, is become not
only

only very easy, but agreeable to me; and if it was not, I would be content to endure some inconveniency to gratify a passion that is become so powerful with me, as curiosity. And indeed, the pleasure of going in a barge to Chelsea, is not comparable to that of rowing upon the canal of the sea here, where for twenty miles together down the *Bosphorus*, the most beautiful variety of prospects present themselves. The Asian side is covered with fruit trees, villages, and the most delightful landships in nature; on the European, stands Constantinople, situated on seven hills.—The unequal heights make it seem as large again as it is (tho' one of the largest cities in the world) shewing an agreeable mixture of gardens, pine and cypress trees, palaces, mosques, and publick buildings, raised one above another, with as much beauty and

and appearance of symmetry as your ladyship ever saw in a cabinet adorned by the most skilful hands, where jars shew themselves above jars, mixed with canisters, babies, and candlesticks. This is a very odd comparison; but it gives me an exact idea of the thing. I have taken care to see as much of the Seraglio as is to be seen. It is on a point of land running into the sea; a palace of prodigious extent, but very irregular. The gardens take in a large compass of ground, full of high cypress trees, which is all I know of them. The buildings are all of white stone, headed on top, with gilded turrets and spires, which look very magnificent; and indeed, I believe there is no Christian King's palace half so large. There are six large courts in it, all built round and set with trees, having galleries of stone; one of those for the guard,

guard, another for the slaves, another for the officers of the kitchen, another for the stables, the fifth for the Divan, and the sixth for the apartment destined for audiences. On the Ladies side there are, at least, as many more, with distinct courts belonging to their eunuchs and attendants, their kitchens, &c.

The next remarkable structure is that of St. *Sophia*, which 'tis very difficult to see. I was forced to send three times to the *Caimairam*, (the Governor of the Town) and he assembled the chief *Esfendi's* or heads of the law, and inquired of the *Mufti*, whether it was lawful to permit it. They passed some days in this important debate ; but, I insisting on my request, permission was granted. I can't be informed why the Turks are more delicate on the subject of this Mosque, than

than on any of the others, where, what Christian pleases may enter without scruple. I fancy they imagine that, having been once consecrated, people, on pretence of curiosity, might prophane it with prayers, particularly to those Saints, who are still very visible in Mosaic work, and no other way defaced but by the decays of time; for it is absolutely false, tho' so universally asserted, that the Turks defaced all the images that they found in the city. The dome of St. *Sophia* is said to be one hundred and thirteen foot diameter, built upon arches, sustained by vast pillars of marble, the pavement and stair-case marble. There are two rows of galleries supported with pillars of parti-coloured marble and the whole roof mosaic work, part of which decays very fast, and drops down. They presented me a handful of it; the composition seems

seems to me a sort of glass, or that paste with which they make counterfeit jewels. They shew here the tomb of the Emperor *Constantine*, for which they have a great veneration.

This is a dull imperfect description of this celebrated building; but I understand architecture so little, that I am afraid of talking nonsense in endeavouring to speak of it particularly. Perhaps I am in the wrong, but some Turkish Mosques please me better. That of Sultan *Solyman* is an exact square, with four fine towers in the angles; in the midst is a noble *Cupola* supported with beautiful marble pillars; two lesser at the ends, supported in the same manner; the pavement and gallery round the Mosque, of marble; under the great cupola is a fountain adorned with such fine coloured pillars,

pillars, that I can hardly think them natural marble ; on one side is the pulpit of white marble, and on the other the little gallery for the Grand Signior. A fine stair-case leads to it, and it is built up with gilded lattices. At the upper end is a sort of altar, where the name of God is written ; and, before it, stand two candlesticks, as high as a man, with wax candles as thick as three flambeaux. The pavement is spread with fine carpets, and the Mosque illuminated with a vast number of lamps. The court leading to it is very spacious, with galleries of marble, of green columns, covered with twenty-eight leaded cupola's on two sides, and a fine fountain of basins in the midst of it.

This description may serve for all the Mosques in Constantinople. The model

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del is exactly the same, and they only differ in largeness and richness of materials. That of the Sultana VALIDA is the largest of all, built entirely of marble, the most prodigious and I think the most beautiful structure I ever saw, be it spoke to the honour of our sex, for it was founded by the mother of MAHOMET the fourth. Between friends, *Paul's Church* would make a pitiful figure near it; as any of our squares would do, near the *Atlerdan*, or place of horses, (*at* signifying a horse in Turkish.) This was the *Hippodrome*, in the reign of the Greek Emperors. In the midst of it is a brazen column of three serpents twisted together, with their mouths gaping. 'Tis impossible to learn why so odd a pillar was erected; the Greeks can tell nothing but fabulous legends when they are asked the meaning of it, and there is

no sign of its having ever had any inscription. At the upper end is an obelisk of porphyry, probably brought from Egypt, the hieroglyphicks all very entire, which I look upon as meer antient puns. It is placed on four little brazen pillars, upon a pedestal of square free stone, full of figures in bas-relief on two sides; one square representing a battle, another an assembly. The others have inscriptions in Greek and Latin; the last I took in my pocket-book, and it is as follows.

“ Difficilis quondam, Dominis parere Serenis

“ Jussus, et extinctis palmam portare Tyrannis

“ Omnia Theodosio cedunt, sobolique perenni.”

Your Lord will interpret these lines. Don't fancy they are a love-letter to him.

All

All the figures have their heads on ; and I cannot forbear reflecting again on the impudence of authors, who all say they have not ; but I dare swear the greatest part of them never saw them ; but took the report from the Greeks, who resist, with incredible fortitude, the conviction of their own eyes, whenever they have invented lies to the dishonour of their enemies. Were you to believe them, there is nothing worth seeing in Constantinople, but *Sancta Sophia*, tho' there are several larger, and in my opinion, more beautiful Mosques in that city. That of Sultan *Achmet*, has this particularity, that its gates are of brass. In all these Mosques there are little chapels, where are the tombs of the founders and their families, with wax candles burning before them.

The *Exchanges* are all noble buildings, full of fine alleys, the greatest part supported with pillars, and kept wonderfully neat. Every trade has its distinct alley where the merchandize is disposed in the same order as in the New Exchange at London. The *Bisitten*, or jeweller's quarter, shews so much riches, such a vast quantity of diamonds, and all kind of precious stones, that they dazzle the sight. The embroideries is also very glittering, and people walk here as much for diversion as business. The markets are most of them handsome squares, and admirably well provided, perhaps better than in any other part of the world.

I know you'll expect I should say something particular of the slaves ; and you will imagine me half a Turk, when I don't speak of it with the same horror
other

other Christians have done before me. But I cannot forbear applauding the humanity of the Turks to these creatures; they are never ill used, and their slavery is, in my opinion, no worse than servitude all over the world. 'Tis true they have no wages; but they give them yearly clothes to a higher value than our salaries to our ordinary servants. But you'll object that, men buy women *with an eye to evil*. In my opinion they are bought and sold as publickly and as infamously in all our Christian great cities.

I must add to the description of Constantinople, that the *Historical Pillar* is no more. It dropped down about two years before I came to this part of the world. I have seen no other footsteps of antiquity except the aquæducts, which are so vast that I am apt to believe they

are yet more antient than the Greek Empire. The Turks, indeed, have clapped in some stones with Turkish inscriptions, to give their natives the honour of so great a work ; but the deceit is easily discovered.—The other publick buildings are the *Hans* and *Monasteries* ; the first are very large and numerous ; the second few in number, and not at all magnificent. I had the curiosity to visit one of them, and to observe the devotions of the *Dervises*, which are as whimsical as any at Rome. These fellows have permission to marry, but are confined to an odd habit, which is only a piece of coarse white cloth, wrapped about them, with their legs and arms naked. Their order has few other rules, except that of performing their fantastick rites, every Tuesday and Friday, which is done in this manner : They meet together

gether in a large hall, where they all stand with their eyes fixed on the ground, and their arms across, while the *Imaum* or preacher reads part of the *Alcoran* from a pulpit, placed in the midst; and when he has done, eight or ten of them make a melancholy concert with their pipes, which are no unmusical instruments. Then he reads again, and makes a short exposition on what he has read; after which they sing and play, till their Superior (the only one of them dressed in green) rises and begins a sort of solemn dance. They all stand about him in a regular figure, and while some play, the others tie their robe (which is very wide) fast round their waist, and begin to turn round with an amazing swiftness, and yet with great regard to the music, moving slower or faster as the tune is played. This lasts above an

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hour,

hour, without any of them shewing the least appearance of giddiness, which is not to be wondered at, when it is considered, they are all used to it from their infancy; most of them being devoted to this way of life from their birth. There turned amongst them some little Dervises of six or seven years old, who seemed no more disordered by that exercise than the others. At the end of the ceremony they shout out; “ *There is no other God, but God, and Mahomet his Prophet;*” after which they kiss the Superior’s hand and retire. The whole is performed with the most solemn gravity. Nothing can be more austere than the form of these people; they never raise their eyes, and seem devoted to contemplation. And as ridiculous as this is in description, there is something touching

ing in the air of submission and mortification they assume.—This letter is of a horrible length; but you may burn it when you have read enough, &c. &c.

LET.

LETTER XLII.

To the Countess of ———.

I AM now preparing to leave Constantinople, and perhaps you will accuse me of hypocrisy, when I tell you, 'tis with regret; but as I am used to the air, and have learnt the language, I am easy here; and as much as I love travelling, I tremble at the inconveniencies attending so great a journey, with a numerous family, and a little infant hanging at the breast. However, I endeavour, upon this occasion, to do as I have hitherto done in all the odd turns of my life; turn them, if I can, to my diversion. In order to this, I ramble every day, wrapped up in my *Ferige* and *Asmak*, about Constantinople, and
amuse

amuse myself with seeing all that is curious in it. I know you will expect that this declaration should be followed with some account of what I have seen. But I am in no humour to copy what has been writ so often over. To what purpose should I tell you, that Constantinople is the antient Bizantium? that 'tis at present the conquest of a race of people, supposed Scythians? that there are five or six thousand mosques in it? that *Sancta Sophia* was founded by Justinian? &c. I'll assure you 'tis not for want of learning, that I forbear writing all these bright things. I could also, with very little trouble, turn over *Knolles* and Sir *Paul Rycaut*, to give you a list of Turkish Emperors; but I will not tell you what you may find in every author that has writ of this country. I am more inclined, out of a true female spirit of
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contradiction, to tell you the falsehood of a great part of what you find in authors ; as for example, in the admirable Mr. *Hill*, who so gravely asserts, that he saw in *Sancta Sophia*, a sweating pillar, very balsamic for disordered heads. There is not the least tradition of any such matter ; and I suppose it was revealed to him in vision, during his wonderful stay in the Egyptian Catacombs ; for I am sure he never heard of any such miracle here. 'Tis also very pleasant to observe how tenderly he and all his brethren voyage-writers, lament the miserable confinement of the Turkish ladies, who are perhaps more free than any ladies in the universe, and are the only women in the world, that lead a life of uninterrupted pleasure, exempt from cares, their whole time being spent in visiting, bathing, or the agreeable amuse-

amusement of spending money and inventing new fashions. A husband would be thought mad that exacted any degree of oeconomy from his wife, whose expences are no way limited but by her own fancy. 'Tis his business to get money, and hers to spend it; and this noble prerogative extends itself to the very meanest of the sex. Here is a fellow that carries embroidered handkerchiefs upon his back to sell. And as miserable a figure as you may suppose such a mean dealer; yet I'll assure you, his wife scorns to wear any thing less than cloth of gold; has her ermizae furs, and a very handsome set of jewels for her head. 'Tis true, they have no places but the bagnios, and these can only be seen by their own sex; however, that is a diversion they take great pleasure in.

I was,

I was, three days ago, at one of the finest in the town; and had the opportunity of seeing a Turkish bride received there, and all the ceremony used on that occasion, which made me recollect the *Epithalamium* of *Helen*, by *Theocritus*; and it seems to me, that the same customs have continued ever since. All the she friends, relations and acquaintance of the two families, newly allied, meet at the bagnio; several others go, out of curiosity, and I believe there were that day two hundred women. Those that were, or had been married, placed themselves round the rooms, on the marble sofas; but the virgins very hastily threw off their cloaths, and appeared without other ornament or covering, than their own long hair braided with pearl or ribbon. Two of them met the bride at the door, conducted by her mother and another grave relation.

She

She was a beautiful maid of about seventeen, very richly dressed, and shining with jewels, but was presently reduced to the state of nature. Two others filled silver gilt pots with perfume, and began the procession, the rest following in pairs, to the number of thirty. The leaders sung an *Epithalamium*, answered by the others in chorus, and the two last led the fair bride, her eyes fixed on the ground, with a charming affectation of modesty. In this order they marched round the three large rooms of the Bagnio. 'Tis not easy to represent to you the beauty of this sight, most of them being well proportioned and white skin'd; all of them perfectly smooth, and polished by the frequent use of bathing. After having made their *tour*, the bride was again led to every matron round the rooms, who saluted her with a compliment and a present,

sent, some of jewels, others of pieces of stuff, handkerchiefs, or little gallantries of that nature, which she thanked them for, by kissing their hands. I was very well pleased with having seen this ceremony; and you may believe me, that the Turkish ladies have, at least, as much wit and civility, nay liberty, as among us. 'Tis true, the same customs that give them so many opportunities of gratifying their evil inclinations (if they have any) also put it very fully in the power of their husbands to revenge themselves, if they are discovered; and I do not doubt but they suffer sometimes for their indiscretions in a very severe manner. About two months ago, there was found at day-break, not very far from my house, the bleeding body of a young woman, naked, only wrapp'd in a coarse sheet, with two wounds of a
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knife, one in her side, and another in her breast. She was not quite cold, and was so surprisngly beautiful, that there were very few men in Pera, that did not go to look upon her; but it was not possible for any body to know her, no woman's face being known. She was supposed to have been brought, in the dead of night, from the Constantinople side, and laid there. Very little inquiry was made about the murderer, and the corpse was privately buried without noise. Murder is never pursued by the King's officers, as with us. 'Tis the business of the next relations to revenge the dead person; and if they like better to compound the matter for money (as they generally do) there is no more said of it. One would imagine this defect in their government, should make such tragedies very frequent, yet they are extremely

rare; which is enough to prove the people not naturally cruel. Neither do I think, in many other particulars, they deserve the barbarous character we give them. I am well acquainted with a Christian woman of quality, who made it her choice to live with a Turkish husband, and is a very agreeable sensible lady. Her story is so extraordinary, I cannot forbear relating it; but I promise you it shall be in as few words as I can possibly express it.

She is a Spaniard, and was at Naples with her family, when that kingdom was part of the Spanish dominion. Coming from thence in a *Felouca*, accompanied by her brother, they were attacked by the Turkish Admiral, boarded and taken.——And now how shall I modestly tell you the rest of her adventure?

The

The same accident happened to her, that happen'd to the fair Lucretia so many years before her. But she was too good a Christian to kill herself, as that Heathenish Roman did. The Admiral was so much charmed with the beauty, and *long-suffering* of the fair captive, that, as his first compliment, he gave immediate liberty to her brother and attendants, who made haste to Spain, and in a few months sent the sum of four thousand pound sterling, as a ransom for his sister. The Turk took the money, which he presented to her, and told her she was at liberty. But the lady very discreetly weighed the different treatment she was likely to find in her native country. Her relations (as the kindest thing they could do for her in her present circumstances) would certainly confine her to a nunnery for the rest of her

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days.

days. — Her Infidel lover was very handsome, very tender, very fond of her, and lavished at her feet all the Turkish magnificence. She answered him very resolutely, that her liberty was not so precious to her as her honour, that he could no way restore that but by marrying her, and she therefore desired him to accept the ransom as her portion, and give her the satisfaction of knowing that no man could boast of her favours without being her husband. The admiral was transported at this kind offer, and sent back the money to her relations, saying he was too happy in her possession. He married her, and never took any other wife, and (as she says herself) she never had reason to repent the choice she made. He left her some years after, one of the richest widows in Constantinople. But there is no remain-

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ing honourably a single woman, and that consideration has obliged her to marry the present Capitan Bassa (i. e. Admiral) his successor. — I am afraid that you will think my friend fell in love with her ravisher; but I am willing to take her word for it, that she acted wholly on principles of honour, tho' I think she might be reasonably touched at his generosity, which is often found amongst the Turks of rank.

'Tis a degree of generosity to tell the truth, and 'tis very rare that any Turk will assert a solemn falsehood. I don't speak of the lowest sort; for as there is a great deal of ignorance, there is very little virtue amongst them; and false witnesses are much cheaper than in Christendom, those wretches not being punished (even when they are publickly

detected) with the rigour they ought to be.

Now I am speaking of their law, I don't know, whether I have ever mentioned to you one custom peculiar to their country, I mean, *adoption*, very common amongst the Turks, and yet more amongst the Greeks and Armenians. Not having it in their power to give their estates to a friend or distant relation, to avoid its falling into the Grand Signior's treasury, when they are not likely to have any children of their own, they chuse some pretty child of either sex, amongst the meanest people, and carry the child and its parents before the *Cadi*, and there declare they receive it for their heir. The parents, at the same time, renounce all future claim to it; a writing is drawn and witnessed,

and a child thus adopted, cannot be disinherited. Yet I have seen some common beggars, that have refused to part with their children in this manner, to some of the richest among the Greeks; (so powerful is the instinctive affection that is natural to parents!) though the adopting fathers are generally very tender to these *children of their souls*, as they call them. I own this custom pleases me much better than our absurd one of following our name. Methinks 'tis much more reasonable to make happy and rich, an infant whom I educate after my own manner, *brought up* (in the Turkish phrase) *upon my knees*, and who has learnt to look upon me with a filial respect, than to give an estate to a creature without other merit or relation to me than that of a few letters. Yet this is an absurdity we see frequently prac-

tised. — Now I have mentioned the Armenians, perhaps it will be agreeable to tell you something of that nation, with which I am sure you are utterly unacquainted. I will not trouble you with the geographical account of the situation of their country, which you may see in the maps; or a relation of their antient greatness, which you may read in the Roman History. They are now subject to the Turks; and, being very industrious in trade, and encreasing and multiplying, are dispersed in great numbers through all the Turkish dominions. They were, as they say, converted to the Christian religion by St. Gregory, and are perhaps the devoutest Christians in the whole world. The chief precepts of their priests enjoin the strict keeping of their Lents, which are, at least, seven months in every year, and
are

are not to be dispensed with on the most emergent necessity ; no occasion whatever can excuse them if they touch any thing more than mere herbs or roots (without oil) and plain dry bread. That is their constant diet.—Mr. W——y has one of his interpreters of this nation, and the poor fellow was brought so low by the severity of his fasts, that his life was despaired of. Yet neither his master's commands, nor the doctors entreaties (who declared nothing else could save his life) were powerful enough to prevail with him to take two or three spoonfuls of broth. Excepting this, which may rather be called a custom, than an article of faith, I see very little in their religion different from ours. 'Tis true, they seem to incline very much to Mr. *Whiston's* doctrine; neither do I think the Greek church very distant from it, since

since 'tis certain, the Holy Spirit's proceeding *only* from the Father, is making a plain subordination in the Son. — But the Armenians have no notion of *Transubstantiation*, whatever account Sir *Paul Rycant* gives of them (which account I am apt to believe was designed to compliment our court in 1679) and they have a great horror for those amongst them that change to the Roman religion. What is most extraordinary in their customs, is their matrimony; a ceremony, I believe, unparallel'd all over the world. They are always promised very young; but the espoused never see one another, till three days after their marriage. The bride is carried to church with a cap on her head, in the fashion of a large trencher, and over it a red silken veil, which covers her all over to her feet. The priest asks the bridegroom whether
 he

he is contented to marry that woman, *be she deaf, be she blind?* These are the literal words; to which having answered *yes*, she is led home to his house, accompanied with all the friends and relations on both sides, singing and dancing, and is placed on a cushion in the corner of the sofa; but her veil is never lifted up, not even by her husband. There is something so odd and monstrous in these ways, that I could not believe them till I had inquired of several Armenians myself, who all assured me of the truth of them, particularly one young fellow who wept when he spoke of it, being promised by his mother to a girl that he must marry in this manner, tho' he protested to me, 'he had rather die than submit to this slavery, having already figured his bride to himself, with all the deformities in nature.—I fancy

I see

I see you bless yourself at this terrible relation. I cannot conclude my letter with a more surprising story, yet 'tis as seriously true, as that I am.

Dear sister,

Yours, &c. &c.

L E T -

LETTER XLIII.

To the Abbot of —.

Constantinople, May 19, O. S. 1718.

I AM extremely pleased with hearing from you, and my vanity (the darling frailty of human kind) not a little flattered by the uncommon questions you ask me, tho' I am utterly incapable of answering them. And indeed, were I as good a Mathematician as *Euclid* himself, it requires an age's stay to make just observations on the air and vapours. I have not been yet a full year here, and am on the point of removing. Such is my rambling destiny. This will surprise you, and can surprise nobody so much as myself. Perhaps you will accuse me of laziness or dulness, or both together,

together, that can leave this place without giving you some account of the Turkish court. I can only tell you that if you please to read *Sir Paul Rycaut*, you will there find a full and true account of the *Viziers*, the *Beglerby's*, the civil and spiritual government, the officers of the *Seraglio*, &c. things that 'tis very easy to procure lists of, and therefore may be depended on; tho' other stories, God knows——I say no more——every body is at liberty to write their own remarks; the manners of people may change; or some of them escape the observation of travellers; but 'tis not the same of the government, and for that reason, since I can tell you nothing new, I will tell you nothing of it. In the same silence shall be passed over the arsenal and seven towers, and for Mosques I have already described one of the noblest to you very parti-

particularly. But I cannot forbear taking notice to you of a mistake of GEMELLI, (though I honour him in a much higher degree than any other voyage-writer) : he says that there are no remains of Calcedon ; this is certainly a mistake ; I was there yesterday and went cross the canal in my galley, the sea being very narrow between that city and Constantinople. 'Tis still a large town, and has several Mosques in it. The Christians still call it Calcedonia, and the Turks give it a name I forgot, but which is only a corruption of the same word. I suppose this is an error of his guide, which his short stay hindered him from rectifying ; for I have, in other matters, a very just esteem for his veracity. Nothing can be pleasanter than the canal, and the Turks are so well acquainted with its beauties, that all their pleasure-seats

seats are built on its banks, where they have, at the same time, the most beautiful prospects in Europe and Asia; there are near one another, some hundreds of magnificent palaces. Human grandeur being here yet more unstable than any where else, 'tis common for the heirs of a great three tail'd Bassa, not to be rich enough to keep in repair, the house he built; thus in a few years they all fall to ruin. I was yesterday to see that of the late Grand Vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin. It was built to receive his Royal Bride, daughter of the present Sultan, but he did not live to see her there. I have a great mind to describe it to you; but I check that inclination, knowing very well that I cannot give you, with my best description, such an idea of it as I ought. It is situated on one of the most delightful parts of the canal,

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canal, with a fine wood on the side of a hill behind it. The extent of it is prodigious; the guardian assured me there are eight hundred rooms in it; I will not, however, answer for that number, since I did not count them; but 'tis certain the number is very large, and the whole adorned with a profusion of marble, gilding and the most exquisite painting of fruit and flowers. The windows are all sash'd with the finest chrysaline glass, brought from England, and here is all the expensive magnificence that you can suppose in a palace founded by a vain luxurious young man, with the wealth of a vast Empire at his command. But no part of it pleased me better than the apartments destined for the Bagnio's. There are two built exactly in the same manner, answering to one another; the baths, fountains, and pave-

ments all of white marble, the roofs gilt, and the walls covered with Japan china. Adjoining to them are two rooms, the uppermost of which is divided into a sofa; and in the four corners are falls of water from the very roof, from shell to shell of white marble, to the lower end of the room, where it falls into a large basin, surrounded with pipes that throw up the water as high as the room. The walls are in the nature of lattices, and on the outside of them, there are vines and woodbines planted, that form a sort of green tapestry, and give an agreeable obscurity to those delightful chambers. I should go on and let you into some of the other apartments (all worthy your curiosity) but 'tis yet harder to describe a Turkish palace than any other, being built entirely irregular. There is nothing that can be properly called front or wings; and tho' such

such a confusion is, I think, pleasing to the sight, yet it would be very unintelligible in a letter. I shall only add, that the chamber destined for the Sultran when he visits his daughter, is wainscotted with mother of pearl, fastened with emeralds like nails. There are others of mother of pearl and olive-wood inlaid, and several of Japan china. The galleries, which are numerous and very large, are adorned with jars of flowers, and porcelain dishes of fruit of all sorts, so well done in plaister and coloured in so lively a manner, that it has an enchanting effect. The garden is suitable to the house, where arbours, fountains, and walks are thrown together in an agreeable confusion. There is no ornament wanting except that of statues. Thus you see, Sir, these people are not so unpolished as we represent them.

'Tis true, their magnificence is of a different taste from ours, and perhaps of a better. I am almost of opinion they have a right notion of life. They consume it in musick, gardens, wine and delicate eating, while we are tormenting our brains with some scheme of politicks, or studying some science to which we can never attain, or, if we do, cannot persuade other people to set that value upon it we do ourselves. 'Tis certain what we feel and see is properly (if any thing is properly) our own; but the good of fame, the folly of praise are hardly purchased, and when obtained, poor recompence for loss of time and health. We die or grow old before we can reap the fruit of our labours. Considering what short liv'd weak animals men are, is there any study so beneficial as the study of present pleasure? I dare not pur-

sue this theme ; perhaps I have already said too much, but I depend upon the true knowledge you have of my heart. I don't expect from you the insipid railleries I should suffer from another in answer to this letter. You know how to divide the idea of *pleasure* from that of *vice*, and they are only mingled in the heads of fools.—But I allow you to laugh at me for the sensual declaration in saying, that I had rather be a rich Effendi with all his ignorance, than Sir Isaac Newton with all his knowledge.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

LETTER XLIV.

To the Abbot of —.

Tunis, July 31, O. S. 1718.

I LEFT Constantinople the sixth of the last month, and this is the first post from whence I could send a letter, tho' I have often wished for the opportunity, that I might impart some of the pleasure I found in this voyage, through the most agreeable part of the world, where every scene presents me some poetical idea.

“ Warm'd with poetick transport, I survey

“ Th' immortal islands and the well known sea.

“ For here so oft the Muse her harp has strung,

“ That not a mountain rears its head unsung.

I beg

I beg your pardon for this fally, and will, if I can, continue the rest of my account in plain prose. The second day after we set sail, we passed *Gallipolis*, a fair city, situated in the bay of *Cbersonesus*, and much respected by the Turks, being the first town they took in Europe. At five the next morning, we anchored in the Hellespont, between the castles of *Sestos* and *Abydos*, now called the *Dardanelli*. There are now two little ancient castles, but of no strength, being commanded by a rising ground behind them, which I confess I should never have taken notice of, if I had not heard it observ'd by our captain and officers, my imagination being wholly employed by the tragic story that you are well acquainted with:

“ *The swimming Lover and the nightly Bride,*

“ *How HERO lov'd, and how LEANDER died.*

Verse again!—I am certainly infected by the poetical air I have passed through. That of Abydos is undoubtedly very amorous, since that soft passion betrayed the castle into the hands of the Turks who besieged it in the reign of Orchanes. The Governor's daughter imagining to have seen her future husband in a dream (tho' I don't find she had either slept upon *Bride-take* or kept *St. Agnes Fast*) fancied she saw the dear figure in the form of one of her besiegers, and, being willing to obey her destiny, tossed a note to him over the wall, with the offer of her person and the delivery of the castle. He shewed it to his general, who consented to try the sincerity of her intentions and withdrew his army, ordering

ing the young man to return with a select body of men at midnight. She admitted him at the appointed hour, he destroyed the garrison, took the father prisoner, and made her his wife. This town is in Asia, first founded by the Milesians. *Sestos* is in Europe, and was once the principal city of Chersonesus. Since I have seen this streight I find nothing improbable in the adventure of *Leander*, or very wonderful in the bridge of boats of *Xerxes*. 'Tis so narrow, 'tis not surprizing a young lover should attempt to swim, or an ambitious King try to pass his army over it. But then 'tis so subject to storms, 'tis no wonder the lover perish'd and the bridge was broken. From hence we had a full view of mount *Ida*;

“ *Where Juno once carefs'd her amorous Jove,*

“ *And the world's master lay subdu'd by Love.*

Not

Not many leagues sail from hence, I saw the point of land where poor old *Hecuba* was buried, and about a league from that place is Cape *Janizary*, the famous promontory of *Sigæum*, where we anchored. My curiosity supplied me with strength to climb to the top of it, to see the place where *Achilles* was buried and where *Alexander* ran naked round his tomb in honour of him, which, no doubt, was a great comfort to his ghost. I saw there, the ruins of a very large city, and found a stone on which Mr. W——y plainly distinguished the words of *Sigæon Polin*. We ordered this on board the ship; but were shew'd others much more curious by a Greek Priest, tho' a very ignorant fellow that could give no tolerable account of any thing. On each side the door of his little church
 lie

lie two large stones, about ten foot long each, five in breadth and three in thickness. That on the right is very fine white marble, the side of it beautifully carved in *Bas relief*; it represents a woman who seems to be designed for some Deity sitting on a chair with a footstool, and before her another woman weeping and presenting to her a young child that she has in her arms, followed by a procession of women with children in the same manner. This is certainly part of a very antient tomb; but I dare not pretend to give the true explanation of it. On the stone, on the left side, is a very fair inscription, but the Greek is too antient for Mr. W——'s interpretation. I am very sorry not to have the original in my possession which might have been purchased of the poor inhabitants for a small sum of money. But our captain

captain assured us, that without having machines made on purpose, 'twas impossible to bear it to the sea-side, and when it was there, his long-boat would not be large enough to hold it.

The ruins of this great city are now inhabited by poor Greek peasants, who wear the *Sciote* habit, the women being in short petticoats fasten'd by straps round their shoulders, and large smock-sleeves of white linen, with neat shoes and stockings, and on their heads a large piece of muslin, which falls in large folds on their shoulders.---One of my countrymen Mr. *Sands* (whose book I doubt not you have read as one of the best of its kind) speaking of these ruins supposes them to have been the foundation of a city begun by Constantine, before his building Byzantium; but I see
no

no good reason for that imagination, and am apt to believe them much more ancient.

We saw very plainly from this promontory, the river *Simois* rolling from mount *Ida*, and running through a very spacious valley. It is now a considerable river and is called *Simores*; it is joined in the vale by the *Scamander*, which appeared a small stream half-choaked with mud, but is perhaps large in the winter. This was *Xanthus* amongst the Gods, as Homer tells us, and 'tis by that heavenly name, the Nymph *Oenone* invokes it, in her Epistle to *Paris*. The Trojan Virgins used to offer their first favours to it by the name of *Scamander*, till the adventure, which *Monsieur de la Fontaine* has told so agreeably, abolish'd that heathenish ceremony. When the
stream

stream is mingled with the Simois, they run together to the sea.

All that is now left at *Troy* is the ground on which it stood; for I am firmly persuaded whatever pieces of antiquity may be found round it, are much more modern, and I think *Strabo* says the same thing. However there is some pleasure in seeing the valley where I imagined the famous duel of *Menelaus* and *Paris* had been fought, and where the greatest city in the world was situated. 'Tis certainly the noblest situation that can be found for the head of a great Empire, much to be preferred to that of Constantinople, the harbour here being always convenient for ships from all parts of the world, and that of Constantinople inaccessible almost six months in the year, while the north-wind reigns.

North

North of the promontory of *Sigæum* we saw that of *Rbateum* fam'd for the sepulchre of *Ajax*. While I viewed these celebrated fields and rivers I admired the exact geography of *Homer*, whom I had in my hand. Almost every epithet he gives to a mountain or plain, is still just for it; and I spent several hours here in as agreeable *cogitations*, as ever *Don Quixote* had on mount *Montesinos*. We sailed next night, to the shore where 'tis vulgarly reported *Troy* stood, and I took the pains of rising at two in the morning to view coolly those ruins which are commonly shew'd to strangers, and which the Turks call *Eski-Stamboul*, i. e. Old Constantinople. For that reason as well as some others, I conjecture them to be the remains of that city begun by Constantine. I hired an ass (the only voiture to be had there) that

I might go some miles into the country, and take a tour round the antient walls which are of a vast extent. We found the remains of a castle on a hill and of another in a valley, several broken pillars and two pedestals, from which I took these Latin inscriptions :

DIVI. AUG. COL.
ET. COL. IUL. PHILIPENSIS
EORUNDEM ET PRINCIP. AM
COL. IUL. PARIANAÆ. TRIBUN.
MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTAR.
TRIB. MILIT. LEG. XIII. GEM.
PRAEFECTO EQUIT. ALAE. I.
SCUBULORUM
VIC. VIII.

DIVI.

DIVI. IULI. FLAMINI
 C. ANTONIO. M. F
 VOLT. RUFO. FLAMIN
 DIV. AUG. COL. CL. APRENS.
 ET. COL. IUL. PHILIPPENSIS
 EORUMDEM. ET PRINCIP. ITEM
 COL. IUL. PARIANAE TRIB.
 MILIT. COH. XXXII VOLUNTARIOR.
 TRIB. MILIT. XIII.
 GEM. PRAEF. EQUIT. ALAE. I
 SCUBULORUM
 VIC. VII

I do not doubt but the remains of a temple near this place, are the ruins of one dedicated to Augustus, and I know not why Mr. *Sands* calls it a Christian temple, since the Romans certainly built hereabouts. Here are many tombs of fine marble and vast pieces of granite, which are daily lessen'd by the prodigious balls that the Turks make, from them, for their cannon. We passed

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that evening the isle of *Tenedos*, once under the patronage of *APOLLO*, as he gave it in, himself, in the particulars of his estate, when he courted *Daphne*. It is but ten miles in circuit, but in those days very rich and well-peopled, still famous for its excellent wine. I say nothing of *Tenes*, from whom it was called; but naming *Mytilene* where we passed next, I cannot forbear mentioning, *Lesbos* where *SAPPHO* sung and *PITTACUS* reigned, famous for the birth of *ALCEUS*, *THEOPHRASTUS* and *ARION*, those masters in Poetry, Philosophy, and Musick. This was one of the last islands that remained in the Christian dominion after the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks. But need I talk to you of *Catucufeno*, &c. Princes that you are as well acquainted with as I am. 'I was with regret I saw us sail from this island

island into the Egean sea, now the Archipelago, leaving Scio (the antient Chios) on the left, which is the richest and most populous of these islands, fruitful in cotton, corn and silk, planted with groves of orange and lemon trees, and the Arvisian mountain still celebrated for the Nectar that VIRGIL mentions. Here is the best manufacture of silks in all Turkey. The town is well built, the women famous for their beauty, and shew their faces as in Christendom. There are many rich families; tho' they confine their magnificence to the inside of their houses, to avoid the jealousy of the Turks, who have a Bassa here; however they enjoy a reasonable liberty, and indulge the genius of their country;

And eat and sing and dance away their time,

Fresh as their groves and happy as their clime.

Their chains hang lightly on them, tho' 'tis not long since they were impos'd, not being under the Turk till 1566. But perhaps 'tis as easy to obey the Grand Signior as the state of Genoa, to whom they were sold by the Greek Emperor. But I forgot myself in these historical touches, which are very impertinent when I write to you. Passing the streight between the islands of *Andros* and *Achaia*, now *Libadia*, we saw the promontory of *Lunium*, now called *Cape Colonna*, where are yet standing the vast pillars of a temple of MINERVA. This venerable sight made me think with double regret, on a beautiful temple of THESEUS, which I am assured was almost entire at Athens till the last campaign in the *Morea*, that the Turks filled it with powder and it was accidentally blown up. You may believe I had

a great mind to land on the fam'd *Peloponnesus*, tho' it were only to look on the rivers of *Asopus*, *Peneus*, *Inacbus*, and *Eurotas*, the fields of *Arcadia* and other scenes of antient Mythology. But instead of Demi-gods and Heroes, I was credibly informed, 'tis now overrun by robbers, and that I should run a great risque of falling into their hands by undertaking such a journey through a desert country, for which however I have so much respect, that I have much ado to hinder myself from troubling you with its whole history from the foundation of Nycana and Corinth to the last campaign there ; but I check the inclination as I did that of landing. We sailed quietly by *Cape Angelo*, once *Malea*, where I saw no remains of the famous temple of Apollo. We came that evening in sight of Candia : it is very mountainous ;

tainous; we easily distinguish'd that of
Ida. — We have Virgil's authority that
here were a hundred cities——

——*Centum Urbes habitant Magnas*——

The chief of them——the scene of monstrous passions.---*Metellus* first conquer'd this birth-place of his Jupiter; it fell afterwards into the hands of —— I am running on to the very siege of Candia, and I am so angry with myself that I will pass by all the other islands with this general reflection, that 'tis impossible to imagine any thing more agreeable than this journey would have been two or three thousand years since, when after drinking a dish of tea with *SAPHO*, I might have gone, the same evening, to visit the temple of *HOMER* in *Cbios*, and pass'd this voyage in taking plans of
mag-

magnificent temples, delineating the miracles of statuaries, and conversing with the most polite and most gay of mankind. Alas ! Art is extinct here, the wonders of nature alone remain, and it was with vast pleasure I observ'd those of mount *Ætna*, whose flame appears very bright in the night many leagues off at sea, and fills the head with a thousand conjectures. However, I honour Philosophy too much to imagine it could turn that of *EMPEDOCLES* ; and *LUCIAN* shall never make me believe such a scandal of a man of whom *Lucretius* says

— *vix humana videtur stirpe creatus* —

We passed *Trinacria* without hearing any of the *Syrens* that *Homer* describes, and, being thrown on neither *Sylla* nor *Charybdis*, came safe to *Malta*, first called

Melita, from the abundance of honey. It is a whole rock cover'd with very little earth. The Grand Master lives here in the state of a sovereign Prince ; but his strength at sea now is very small. The fortifications are reckon'd the best in the world, all cut in the solid rock with infinite expence and labour.—Off this island we were tossed by a severe storm, and were very glad, after eight days, to be able to put into *Porta Farine* on the African shore, where our ship now rides. At *Tunis* we were met by the English consul who resides here. I readily accepted of the offer of his house there for some days, being very curious to see this part of the world, and particularly the ruins of Carthage. I set out in his chaise at nine at night, the moon being at full. I saw the prospect of the country almost as well as I could have done
by

by day light, and the heat of the sun is now so intolerable, 'tis impossible to travel at any other time. The soil is, for the most part, sandy, but every where fruitful of date, olive and fig trees, which grow without art, yet afford the most delicious fruit in the world. Their vineyards and melon-fields are enclos'd by hedges of that plant, we call *Indian fig*, which is an admirable fence, no wild beast being able to pass it. It grows a great height, very thick and the spikes or thorns are as long and sharp as bodkins; it bears a fruit much eaten by the peasants and which has no ill taste.

It being now the season of the Turkish *Ramadan*, or Lent, and all here professing, at least, the Mahometan religion, they fast till the going down of the sun and spend the night in feasting.

We

We saw under the trees, companies of the country people, eating, singing and dancing to their wild musick. They are not quite black, but all mulattoe's, and the most frightful creatures that can appear in a human figure. They are almost naked, only wearing a piece of coarse serge wrapped about them.—

But the women have their arms to their very shoulders and their necks and faces adorn'd with flowers, stars, and various sorts of figures impress'd by gun-powder, a considerable addition to their natural deformity, which is, however, esteemed very ornamental amongst them; and I believe they suffer a good deal of pain by it.

About six miles from Tunis we saw the remains of that noble aqueduct, which carried the water to Carthage,
over

over several high mountains, the length of forty miles. There are still many arches entire. We spent two hours viewing it with great attention, and Mr. W——y assured me, that of Rome is very much inferior to it. The stones are of a prodigious size and yet all polish'd, and so exactly fitted to each other, very little cement has been made use of to join them. Yet they may probably stand a thousand years longer, if art is not made use of to pull them down. Soon after day-break I arrived at Tunis, a town fairly built of a very white stone, but quite without gardens, which, they say, were all destroyed when the Turks first took it, none having been planted since. The dry sand gives a very disagreeable prospect to the eye, and the want of shade contributing to the natural heat of the climate, renders it

it so excessive, that I have much ado to support it. 'Tis true, here is every noon the refreshment of the sea-breeze, without which it would be impossible to live; but no fresh water, but what is preserv'd in the cisterns of the rains that fall in the month of September. The women of the town go veiled from head to foot under a black crape, and being mix'd with a breed of renegadoes are said to be many of them fair and handsome. This city was besieg'd in 1270 by LEWIS king of France, who died, under the walls of it, of a pestilential fever. After his death, PHILIP, his son, and our prince EDWARD, son of Henry the III^d, rais'd the siege on honourable terms. It remained under its natural African kings, till betrayed into the hands of BARBAROSSA, admiral of SOLYMAN the Magnificent. The emperor Charles V.

2 expelled

expelled Barbarossa, but it was recovered by the Turk under the conduct of *Sinan Bassa*, in the reign of SELIM II. From that time till now, it has remained tributary to the Grand Signior, governed by a Bey, who suffers the name of subject to the Turk, but has renounced the subjection, being absolute and very seldom paying any tribute. The great city of Bagdat is, at this time, in the same circumstances; and the Grand Signior connives at the loss of these dominions for fear of losing even the titles of them.

I went very early yesterday morning (after one night's repose) to see the ruins of *Carthage*. — I was however half broiled in the sun, and overjoyed to be led into one of the subterranean apartments, which they called the *stables of the*

the elephants, but which I cannot believe were ever design'd for that use. I found in many of them broken pieces of columns of fine marble, and some of porphyry. I cannot think any body would take the insignificant pains of carrying them thither, and I cannot imagine such fine pillars were design'd for the use of stables. I am apt to believe they were summer apartments under their palaces, which the heat of the climate render'd necessary. They are now used as granaries by the country people. While I sat here, from the town of *Tents* not far off many of the women flocked in to see me, and we were equally entertain'd with viewing one another. Their posture in sitting, the colour of their skin, their lank black hair falling on each side their faces, their features and the shape of their limbs, differ so little from their coun-

country people the baboons, 'tis hard to fancy them a distinct race; I could not help thinking there had been some ancient alliances between them.

When I was a little refresh'd by rest, and some milk and exquisite fruit they brought me, I went up the little hill where once stood the castle of *Byrsa*, and from thence I had a distinct view of the situation of the famous city of *Carthage*, which stood on an isthmus, the sea coming on each side of it. 'Tis now a marshy ground on one side, where there are salt-ponds. STRABO calls *Carthage* forty miles in circumference. There are now no remains of it, but what I have describ'd; and the history of it is too well known to want my abridgement of it. You see, Sir, that I think you esteem obedience better than compliments. I

have answer'd your letter by giving you the accounts you desir'd, and have reserv'd my thanks to the conclusion. I intend to leave this place to-morrow, and continue my journey thro' Italy and France. In one of those places I hope to tell you by word of mouth that I am

Your humble servant,

&c. &c.

LET-

LETTER XLV.

To the Countess of Genoa.

Genoa, Aug. 28, O. S. 1718.

I BEG your pardon, my dear sister, that I did not write to you from *Tunis*, the only opportunity I have had, since I left Constantinople. But the heat there was so excessive, and the light so bad for the sight, I was half blind by writing one letter to the Abbot —, and durst not go to write many others, I had designed; nor indeed could I have entertained you very well out of that barbarous country. I am now surrounded with subjects of pleasure, and so much charmed with the beauties of Italy, that I should think it a kind of ingratitude not to offer a little praise in

return for the diversion I have had here.
 —I am in the house of Mrs. *D'Avant* at *St. Pierre d'Arena*, and should be very unjust not to allow her a share of that praise I speak of, since her good humour and good company have very much contributed to render this place agreeable to me.

Genoa is situated in a very fine bay, and being built on a rising hill intermixed with gardens, and beautified with the most excellent architecture, gives a very fine prospect off at sea; though it lost much of its beauty in my eyes, having been accustomed to that of *Constantinople*. The *Genoese* were once masters of several islands in the *Archipelago*, and all that part of *Constantinople* which is now called *Galata*. Their betraying the *Christian* cause, by facilitating the taking
 of

of Constantinople by the Turk, deserv'd what has since happened to them, even the loss of all their conquests on that side to those Infidels. They are at present far from rich, and are despised by the French, since their Doge was forced by the late King to go in person to Paris, to ask pardon for such a trifle as the arms of France over the house of the Envoy, being spatter'd with dung in the night. This, I suppose, was done by some of the Spanish faction, which still makes up the majority here, though they dare not openly declare it. The ladies affect the French habit, and are more genteel than those they imitate. I do not doubt but the custom of *Cizaseti's* has very much improved their airs. I know not whether you ever heard of those animals. Upon my word, nothing but my own eyes could have convinced

me there were any such upon earth. The fashion begun here, and is now received all over Italy, where the husbands are not such terrible creatures as we represent them. There are none among them such brutes, as to pretend to find fault with a custom so well established, and so politically founded, since I am assured that it was an expedient, first found out by the Senate, to put an end to those family hatreds, which tore their state to pieces, and to find employment for those young men, who were forced to cut one another's throats, *pour passer le temps*; and it has succeeded so well, that since the institution of *Cizibey*, there has been nothing but peace and good humour amongst them. These are gentlemen who devote themselves to the service of a particular lady (I mean, a married one, for the Virgins are all invisible, and

con-

confined to Convents :) They are oblig-
ed to wait on her to all pub'ick places,
such as the plays, opera's and assemblies;
(which are called here *Conversations*)
where they wait behind her chair, take
care of her fan and gloves, if she plays,
have the privilege of whispers, &c.—

When she goes out, they serve her in-
stead of *lacquies*, gravely trotting by her
chair. 'Tis their business to prepare for
her a present against any day of publick
appearance, not forgetting that of her
own name * ; in short, they are to
spend all their time and money in her
service, who rewards them accordingly
(for opportunity they want none) but
the husband is not to have the impu-
dence to suppose this any other than pure

* That is, the day of the Saint after whom
she is called.

Platonick friendship. 'Tis true, they endeavour to give her a *Cizisbei* of their own chusing; but when the lady happens not to be of the same taste, as that often happens, she never fails to bring it about to have one of her own fancy. In former times, one beauty used to have eight or ten of these humble admirers; but those days of plenty and humility are no more. Men grow more scarce and faucy, and every lady is forced to content herself with one at a time.

You may see in this place the *glorious liberty* of a Republick, or, more properly, an Aristocracy, the common people being here as arrant slaves as the French; but the old nobles pay little respect to the DOGE, who is but two years in his office, and whose wife, at that very time, assumes no rank above another

another noble lady. 'Tis true, the family of *Andrea Doria* (that great man, who restor'd them that liberty they enjoy) have some particular privileges. When the Senate found it necessary to put a stop to the luxury of dress, forbidding the wearing of jewels and brocades, they left them at liberty to make what expence they pleased. I look with great pleasure on the statue of that hero, which is in the court belonging to the house of duke *Doria*. This puts me in mind of their palaces, which I can never describe as I ought. — Is it not enough that I say, they are most of them, the design of *PALLADIO*? The street call'd *Strada Nova*, is perhaps the most beautiful line of building in the world. I must particularly mention the vast palaces of *Durazzo*, those of the two *Balbi*, joined together by a magnificent.

ificent colonade, that of the *Imperiale* at this village of *St. Pierre d'Areno*, and another of the *Doria*. The perfection of architecture, and the utmost profusion of rich furniture are to be seen here, disposed with the most elegant taste, and lavish magnificence. But I am charmed with nothing so much as the collection of pictures by the pencils of *Rapbael*, *Paulo Veronese*, *Titian*, *Carracci*, *Michael Angelo*, *Guido* and *Correggio*, which two I mention last as my particular favourites. I own, I can find no pleasure in objects of horror; and, in my opinion, the more naturally a crucifix is represented, the more disagreeable it is. These my beloved painters shew nature, and shew it in the most charming light. I was particularly pleased with a *Lucretia* in the house of *Balbi*; the expressive beauty of that face

face and bosom, gives all the passion of pity and admiration, that could be raised in the soul, by the finest poem on that subject. A *Cleopatra*, of the same hand, deserves to be mentioned; and I should say more of her, if *Lucretia* had not first engaged my eyes.—

Here are also some inestimable ancient busto's. — The Church of St. *Lawrence* is built of black and white marble, where is kept that famous plate of a single emerald, which is not now permitted to be handled, since a plot, which, they say, was discovered to throw it on the pavement and break it; a childish piece of malice, which they ascribe to the King of Sicily, to be revenged for their refusing to sell it to him. The church of the *Annunciation* is finely lined with marble; the pillars are of red and white marble: that
of

of *St. Ambrose* has been very much adorn'd by the Jesuits; but I confess all the churches appeared so mean to me, after that of *Sancta Sophia*, I can hardly do them the honour of writing down their names. But I hope you will own, I have made good use of my time, in seeing so much, since 'tis not many days that we have been out of the quarantine, from which nobody is exempted coming from the Levant. Ours, indeed, was very much shortned, and very agreeably pass'd in Mrs. *D'Avenant's* company, in the village of *St. Pierre Lârene*, about a mile from Genoa, in a house built by Palladio, so well designed, and so nobly proportioned, 'twas a pleasure to walk in it. We were visited here only by a few English, in the company of a noble Genoese, commissioned to see we did not touch one another.

another. — I shall stay here some days longer, and could almost wish it were for all my life; but mine, I fear, is not destin'd to so much tranquillity.

I am, &c. &c.

L E T.

LETTER XLVI.

To the Countess of ———

Turin, Sept. 12, O. S. 1718.

I CAME, in two days, from Genoa, through fine roads to this place. I have already seen what is shew'd to strangers in the town, which indeed is not worth a very particular description; and I have not respect enough for the holy handkerchief, to speak long of it. The churches are handsome, and so is the King's palace; but I have lately seen such perfection of architecture, I did not give much of my attention to these pieces. The town itself is fairly built, situated in a fine plain on the banks of the *Po*. At a little distance from it, we saw the palaces of *La Venerie*, and
La

La Valentin, both very agreeable retreats. We were lodg'd in the *Piazza Royale*, which is one of the noblest squares I ever saw; with a fine portico of white stone quite round it. We were immediately visited by the *Chevalier* —, whom you knew in England, who, with great civility, begg'd to introduce us at court, which is now kept at *Rivoli*, about a league from Turin. I went thither yesterday, and had the honour of waiting on the Queen, being presented to her by her first lady of honour. I found her Majesty, in a magnificent apartment, with a train of handsome ladies all dress'd in gowns, amongst which it was easy to distinguish the fair Princess of Carignan. The Queen entertain'd me with a world of sweetness and affability, and seem'd mistress of a great share of good sense. She did

did not forget to put me in mind of her English blood; and added, that she always felt, in herself, a particular inclination to love the English. I returned her civility, by giving her the title of Majesty, as often as I could, which perhaps she will not have the comfort of hearing many months longer.—The King has a great deal of vivacity in his eyes; and the young Prince of Piedmont, is a very handsome young man; but the great devotion, which this court is, at present, fallen into, does not permit any of those entertainments proper for his age. Processions and masses are all the magnificence in fashion here; and gallantry is so criminal, that the poor Count of ———, who was our acquaintance at London, is very seriously disgraced, for some small overtures he presum'd to make to a maid

8

of

of honour. I intend to set out to-mor-
row, and to pass those dreadful Alps,
so much talked of.——If I come to the
bottom, you shall hear of me.

I am, &c. &c.

LET.

LETTER XLVII.

To Mrs. T——.

Lyons, Sept. 25, O. S. 1718.

I RECEIVED, at my arrival here, both your obliging letters, and also letters from many of my other friends, design'd to Constantinople, and sent me from Marseilles hither; our merchant there, knowing we were upon our return. I am surprized to hear my sister —— has left England. I suppose what I wrote to her from Turin will be lost, and where to direct I know not, having no account of her affairs from her own hand. For my own part, I am confin'd to my chamber, having kept my

my bed till yesterday, ever since the 17th, that I came to this town, where I have had so terrible a fever, I believ'd for some time, that all my journies were ended here ; and I do not at all wonder that such fatigues as I have passed, should have such an effect. The first day's journey from Turin to *Novalesse*, is through a very fine country, beautifully planted and enrich'd by art and nature. The next day we began to ascend mount *Cenis*, being carried in little seats of twisted osiers, fixed upon poles, upon mens shoulders ; our chaises taken to pieces and laid upon mules.

The prodigious prospect of mountains covered with eternal snow, of clouds hanging far below our feet, and of vast cascades tumbling down the rocks with a

confused roaring, would have been entertaining to me, if I had suffer'd less from the extreme cold that reigns here. But the misty rain, which falls perpetually, penetrated even the thick furr I was wrapped in; and I was half dead with cold before we got to the foot of the mountain, which was not till two hours after dark. This hill has a spacious plain on the top of it, and a fine lake there; but the descent is so steep and slippery, 'tis surprizing to see these chairmen go so steadily as they do. Yet I was not half so much afraid of breaking my neck, as I was of falling sick, and the event has shew'd, that I placed my fears right.

The other mountains are now all passable for a chaise, and very fruitful

in

in vines and pastures. Amongst them is a breed of the finest goats in the world. *Arquiballet* is the last, and soon after we enter'd *Pont Beauvoisin*, the frontier town of France, whose bridge parts this kingdom, and the dominions of Savoy. The same night we arrived late at this town, where I have had nothing to do but to take care of my health. I think myself already out of any danger, and am determin'd, that the sore throat, which still remains, shall not confine me long. I am impatient to see the curiosities of this famous city, and more impatient to continue my journey to Paris, from whence I hope to write you a more diverting letter than 'tis possible for me to do now, with a mind weaken'd by sickness, a head muddled with

spleen, from a sorry inn, and a chamber cram'd with mortifying objects of apothecaries viols and bottles.

I am, &c. &c.

LET.

LETTER XLVIII.

To Mr. Pope.

Lyons, Sept. 28, O. S. 1718.

I RECEIVED yours here, and should thank you for the pleasure you seem to enjoy from my return; but I can hardly forbear being angry at you, for rejoicing at what displeases me so much. You will think this but an odd compliment on my side. I'll assure you, 'tis not from insensibility of the joy of seeing my friends; but when I consider that I must, at the same time, see and hear a thousand disagreeable impertinents; that I must receive and pay visits, make curtesies, and assist at tea-tables, where I shall be half killed

with questions; and, on the other part, that I am a creature, that cannot serve any body but with insignificant good wishes; and that my presence is not a necessary good to any one member of my native country. I think I might much better have stay'd where ease and quiet made up the happiness of my indolent life.——I should certainly be melancholy, if I pursued this theme one line farther. I will rather fill the remainder of this paper, with the inscriptions on the tables of brass, that are placed on each side of the town-house.

I. TABLE.

I. TABLE.

Maerorum. nostr : : : : sui : : : :

Eqidem. primam. omnium. illam. cogitationem. hominum. quam. maxime. primam. occursum. mihi. provideo. deprecor. ne. quasi. novam. istam. rem. introduci. exhorrescatis. sed. illa. potius. cogitetis. quam. multa. in. hac. civitate. novata. sint. et. quidem. statim. ab. origine. urbis. nostrae. in. quod. formas. statusque. res. p. nostra. diducta. sit.

Quondam. reges. hanc. tenuere. urbem. ne. tamen. domesticis. successoribus. eam. tradere. contigit. supervenere. alieni. et. quidam. externi. ut. Numa. Romulo. successerit. ex. Sabinis. veniens. vicinus. qui-

dem. sed. tunc. externus. ut. Anco. Marcio.
 Priscus. Tarquinius. propter. temeratum.
 sanguinem. quod. patre. de. marato. Co-
 rinthio. natus. erat. et. Tarquiniensi.
 matre. generosa. sed. inopi. ut. quæ. tali.
 marito. necesse. habuerit. succumbere. cum.
 domi. repelleretur. a. gerendis. honoribus.
 postquam. Romam. migravit. regnum. adeptus.
 est. huic. quoque. et. filio. nepotivæ.
 ejus. nam. et. hoc. inter. auctores. discrepat.
 insertus. Servius. Tullius. si. nostros.
 sequimur. captiva. natus. cretæ. si.
 tuscos. cæli. quondam. vivennæ. sodalis.
 fidelissimus. omnisque. ejus. casus. comes.
 postquam. varia. fortuna. exactus. cum.
 omnibus. reliquis. cæliani. exercitus. Etruria.
 excessit. montem. Cælium. occupavit. et. a.
 8 duce.

duce suo Caelio. ita appellatus. mutataque nomine. nam. tusce. mastarna. ei. nomen. erat. ita. appellatus. est. ut. dixi. et. regnum. summa. cum. reip. utilitate. optinuit. deinde. postquam. Tarquini. Superbi. mores. invisi. civitati. nostræ. esse. ceperunt. qua. ipsius. qua. filiorum. ejus. nempe. pertæsum. est. mentes. regni. et. ad. consules. annuos. magistratus. administratio. reip. translata. est.

Quid. nunc. commemorem. dictaturæ. hoc. ipso. consulari. imperium. valentius. repertum. apud. majores. nostros. quo. in. asperioribus. bellis. aut. in. civili. motu. difficiliore. uterentur. aut. in. auxilium. plebis. creatos. tribunos. plebei. quid. a. consu-

consulibus. ad. decemviros. translatum.
imperium. solutoque. postea. decemvirali.
regno. ad. consules. rursus. reditum. quid.
im : : : v. ris. distributum. consulare.
imperium. tribunosque. militum. consulari.
imperio. appellatos. qui. seni. et. octoni.
crearentur. quid. communicatos. postremo.
cum. plebe. honores. non. imperi. solum. sed.
sacerdotum. quoque. jamsi. narrem. bella.
a. quibus. cæperint. majores. nostri. et.
quo. processerimus. vereor. ne. nimio. inso-
lentior. esse. videar. et. quæsisse. jactatio-
nem. gloriæ. prolati. imperi. ultra. ocea-
num. sed. illo. C. Porius. revertar. civita-
tem.

II. TABLE.

Ornatissima. ecce. colonia. valentissi-
maque. riennensium. quam. longo. jam.
tempore. senatores. huic. curiæ. confert.
ex. qua. colonia. inter. paucos. equestris.
ordinis. ornamentum. L. restinum. fa-
miliarissime. diligo. et. bodieque. in. re-
bus. meis. detineo. cujus. liberi. fruuntur.
quæso. primo. sacerdotiorum. gradu. post.
modo. cum. annis. promoturi. dignitatis.
sue. incrementa. ut. dirum. nomen. la-
tronis. taceam. et. odi. illud. palestri-
cum. prodiguum. quod. ante. in. domum.
consulatum. intulit. quam. colonia. sua.
solidum. civitis. Romanæ. beneficium. con-
socuta. est. idem. de. fratre. ejus. possum.
dicere. miserabili. quidem. indignissimoque.
hoc.

*hæc. casu. ut. vobis. utilis. senator. esse. non.
possit.*

*Tempus. est. jam. Ti. Caesar. Germanice
detegere. te. patribus conscriptis. quo. ten-
dat. oratio. tua. jam. enim. ad. extremos.
fines. Galliae. Narbonensis. venisti.*

*Tot. ecce. insignes. juvenes. quot. in-
tueor. non. magis. sunt. pœnitendi. senato-
reb. quam. pœnitet. Persicum. nobilissimum.
virum. amicum. meum. inter. imagines.
majorum. suorum. Allorogici. nomen. legere.
quod. si. hæc. ita. esse. consenti. is. quid.
ultra. desideratis. quam. ut. vobis. digito.
demonstrem. solum. ipsum. ultra. fines. præ-
vinciæ. Narbonensis. jam. vobis. senatores.
mittere. quando. ex. Lugduno. habere. nos.
nostri.*

nostri. ordinis. viros. non. p̄mitet. timide.
 quidem. p. c. egressus. adsuētos. familiares-
 que. vobis. provinciarum. terminos. sum.
 sed. destitite. jam. comata. Gallie. causa.
 agenda. est. in. qua. si. quis. hoc. intuetur.
 quod. bello. per. decem. annos. exercuerant.
 dicom. julium. idem. opponat. centum. anno-
 rum. immobilem. fidem. obsequiumque. mul-
 tis. tripidis. rebus. nostris. plusquam. ex-
 pertum. illi. patri. meo. Druso. Germaniam.
 subigenti. tutam. quiete. sua. securamque.
 a. tergo. pacem. pr̄stiterunt. et. quidem.
 cum. ad. census. novo. tum. opere. et. in.
 adsueto. Galliis. ad. bellum. avocatus. esset.
 quod. opus. quam. arduum. sit. nobis.
 nunc. cum. maxime. quamvis. nihil. ultra.
 quam. ut. publice. notæ. sint. facultates.
 nostræ. exquisitur. nimis. magne. experi-
 mento. cognoscimus.

I was also shewed, without the gate of *St. Justinus*, some remains of a Roman aquæduct; and behind the monastery of *St. Mary*, there are the ruins of the Imperial palace, where the Emperor *CLAUDIUS* was born, and where *SEVERUS* lived. The great cathedral of *St. John* is a good Gothick building, and its clock much admired by the Germans. In one of the most conspicuous parts of the town, is the late king's statue set up, trampling upon mankind. I cannot forbear saying one word here, of the French statues (for I never intend to mention any more of them) with their gilded full-bottomed wigs. If their King had intended to express in one image, *ignorance, ill taste, and vanity*, his sculptors could have made no other figure, so proper for that purpose, as this statue, which represents the odd mixture of an

6

old

old *beau*, who had a mind to be a *hero*,
with a bushel of curl'd hair on his head,
and a gilt truncheon in his hand.—

The French have been so voluminous on
the history of this town, I need say no-
thing of it. The houses are tolerably
well built, and the *Belle cour* well planted,
from whence is seen the celebrated join-
ing of the Soane and Rhone.

“ *Ubi Rhodanus ingens amne prærapido fluit*

“ *Ararque dubitans quo suos fluctus agat.*”

I have had time to see every thing
with great leisure, having been confin'd
several days to this town by a swelling in
my throat, the remains of a fever, occa-
sioned by a cold I got in the damps of
the Alps. The doctors here threaten
me with all sorts of distempers, if I dare
to leave them; but I, that know the ob-
stinacy of it, think it just as possible to
continue

continue my way to Paris, with it, as to go about the streets of Lyons, and am determin'd to pursue my journey to-morrow, in spite of doctors, apothecaries and fore throats.

When you see Lady R—, tell her I have received her letter, and will answer it from Paris, believing that the place that she would most willingly hear of.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XLIX.

To the Lady R——.

Paris, Oct. 10, O. S. 1718.

I CANNOT give my dear Lady R——, a better proof of the pleasure I have in writing to her, than chusing to do it in this seat of various amusements, where I am *accabléed* with visits, and those so full of vivacity and compliments, that 'tis full employment enough to hearken, whether one answers or not. The French Ambassadress at Constantinople, has a very considerable and numerous family here, who all come to see me, and are never weary of making enquiries. The air of Paris has already had a good effect on me, for I was never in better in health, though I have been

extreme

extreme ill, all the road from Lyons to this place. You may judge how agreeable the journey has been to me; which did not want that addition to make me dislike it. I think nothing so terrible as objects of misery, except one had the God-like attribute of being capable to redress them; and all the country villages of France shew nothing else. While the post-horses are changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with such miserable starv'd faces, and thin tattered cloaths, they need no other eloquence to persuade one of the wretchedness of their condition. This is all the French magnificence till you come to *Fontaine-bleau*, when you are shewed one thousand five hundred rooms in the King's hunting palace. The apartments of the royal family are very large, and richly gilt; but I saw nothing in the architecture or

painting worth remembering. The long gallery, built by Henry IV. has prospects of all the king's houses. Its walls are design'd after the taste of those times, but appear now very mean. The park is, indeed, finely wooded and water'd, the trees well grown and planted, and in the fish-ponds are kept tame carp, said to be, some of them, eighty years of age. The late King passed some months every year at this seat; and all the rocks, round it, by the pious sentences inscribed on them, shew the devotion in fashion at his court, which I believe died with him; at least I see no exterior marks of it at Paris, where all peoples thoughts seem to be on present diversion.

The fair of St. *Lawrence* is now in season. You may be sure I have been
carried

carried thither, and think it much better dispos'd than ours of Bartholomew. The shops being all set in rows so regularly, and well lighted, they made up a very agreeable spectacle. But I was not at all satisfied with the *Grossièreté* of their Harlequin, no more than with their music at the opera, which was abominably grating, after being used to that of Italy. Their house is a booth compared to that of the Hay-Market, and the play-house not so neat as that of Lincoln's Inn-fields; but then, it must be own'd, to their praise, their tragedians are much beyond any of ours. I should hardly allow Mrs. O——d a better place than to be confidante to La——. I have seen the Tragedy of *BAJAZET* so well represented, that I think our best actors can be only said to speak, but these to feel; and 'tis certainly infinitely more moving

to see a man appear unhappy, than to hear him say that he is so, with a jolly face and a stupid smirk in his countenance.—— *A propos* of countenances, I must tell you something of the French ladies ; I have seen all the beauties, and such—— (I can't help making use of the coarse word) nauseous creatures ! so fantastically absurd in their dress ! so monstrously unnatural in their paints ! their hair cut short, and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder, that it makes it look like white wool ! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe that they took the first hint of their dress, from a fair sheep newly raddled. 'Tis with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty country

try women; and if I was writing to any body else, I should say, that these grotesque dawbers give me still a higher esteem of the natural charms of dear Lady R——'s auborne hair, and the lively colours of her unsullied complexion.

I am, &c. &c.

P. S. I have met the Abbé here, who desires me to make his compliments to you.

LETTER L.

To Mr. T——.

Paris, Oct. 16, O. S. 1718.

YOU see I'm just to my word in writing to you from Paris, where I was very much surprized to meet my sister. I need not add, very much pleased. She as little expected to see me as I her (having not receiv'd my late letters) and this meeting would shine under the hand of *de Scuderie*, but I shall not imitate his style so far, as to tell you how often we embrac'd, how she enquir'd, by what odd chance I return'd from Constantinople? And I answer'd her by asking, what adventure brought her to Paris? To shorten the story, all questions and answers, and exclamations.

clamations and compliments being over, we agreed upon running about together, and have seen *Versailles*, *Tranon*, *Marli* and *St. Cloud*. We had an order for the water to play for our diversion, and I was followed thither by all the English at Paris. I own *Versailles* appeared to me rather vast than beautiful; and, after having seen the exact proportions of the Italian buildings, I thought the irregularity of it shocking.

The King's cabinet of antiques and medals, is, indeed, very richly furnished. Amongst that collection, none pleased so well as the *Apotheosis* of *Germanicus*, on a large agate, which is one of the most delicate pieces of the kind, that I remember to have seen. I observ'd some ancient statues of great value. But the nauseous flattery and tawdry

pencil

pencil of LE BRUN, are equally disgusting in the gallery. I will not pretend to describe to you the great apartment, the vast variety of fountains; the theatre, the grove of Æsop's fables, &c. all which you may read very amply particularized in some of the French authors, that have been paid for these descriptions. *Trianon*, in its littleness, pleased me better than Versailles; *Marli*, better than either of them, and *St. Cloud* best of all, having the advantage of the Seine running at the bottom of the gardens, the great cascade, &c. You may find information in the afore said books, if you have any curiosity to know the exact number of the statues, and how many foot they cast up the water.

We saw the King's pictures in the magnificent house of the Duke D'Antin, who

who has the care of preserving them till his Majesty is of age. There are not many, but of the best hands. I looked with great pleasure on the *Arch-Angel* of RAPHAEL, where the sentiments of superior beings are as well expressed as in Milton. You won't forgive me, if I say nothing of the *Tbuilleries*, much finer than our Mall; and the *Cour*, more agreeable than our *Hide-Park*, the high trees giving shade in the hottest season. At the *Louvre*, I had the opportunity of seeing the King, accompanied by the Duke Regent. He is tall and well shap'd, but has not the air of holding the crown so many years as his grandfather. And now I am speaking of the court, I must say I saw nothing in France, that delighted me so much as to see an Englishman (at least

least a Briton) absolute at Paris; I mean Mr. LAW, who treats their Dukes and Peers extremely “*de haut en bas*” and is treated by them with the utmost submission and respect.——Poor souls!——

This reflection on their abject slavery, puts me in mind of the *place des victoires*; but I will not take up your time and my own with such descriptions, which are too numerous.

In general, I think Paris has the advantage of London in the neat pavement of the streets, and the regular lighting of them at nights, in the proportion of the streets, the houses being all built of stone, and most of those belonging to people of quality, being beautified by gardens. But we certainly may boast of a town very near twice as large, and
when

when I have said that, I know nothing
 else we surpass it in. I shall not con-
 tinue here long; if you have any thing
 to command me during my short stay,
 write soon, and I shall take pleasure in
 obeying you.

I am, &c. &c.

L. E. T.

LETTER LI.

To the Abbot —.

Dover, October 31, O. S. 1718.

I AM willing to take your word for it that I shall really oblige you, by letting you know, as soon as possible, my safe passage over the water. I arriv-
ed this morning at Dover after being tof-
fed a whole night in the packet boat in so
violent a manner, that the master, con-
sidering the weakness of his vessel, thought
it proper to remove the mail and gave
us notice of the danger. We call'd a
little fishing boat, which could hardly
make up to us; while all the people on
board us were crying to heaven. 'Tis
hard to imagine one's self in a scene of
greater horror than on such an occasion,
and

and yet shall I own it to you? tho' I was not at all willing to be drown'd, I could not forbear being entertained at the double distress of a fellow-passenger. She was an English lady that I had met at Calais, who desired me to let her go over with me in my cabin. She had bought a fine point head, which she was contriving to conceal from the custom-house officers. When the wind grew high, and our little vessel crack'd, she fell very heartily to her prayers, and thought wholly of her soul. When it seem'd to abate, she returned to the worldly care of her head-dress, and address'd herself to me——“ Dear Madam, will you take
 “ care of this point? if it should be
 “ lost!——ah Lord, we shall all be
 “ lost! Lord have mercy on my soul!——
 “ pray, Madam, take care of this head-
 “ dress.” This easy transition from her soul to her head-dress, and the alternate
 6 agonies

agonies that both gave her, made it hard to determine which she thought of greatest value. But however the scene was not so diverting but I was glad to get rid of it, and be thrown into the little boat, tho' with some hazard of breaking my neck, It brought me safe hither, and I cannot help looking with partial eyes on my native land. That partiality was certainly given us by nature, to prevent rambling, the effect of an ambitious thirst after knowledge, which we are not formed to enjoy. All we get by it is a fruitless desire of mixing the different pleasures and conveniences which are given to the different parts of the world, and cannot meet in any one of them. After having read all that is to be found in the languages I am mistress of, and having decayed my sight by midnight studies, I envy the easy peace

peace of mind of a ruddy milk-maid, who, undisturb'd by doubt, hears the sermon, with humility, every Sunday, not having confounded the sentiments of natural duty in her head by the vain enquiries of the schools, who may be more learn'd, yet, after all, must remain as ignorant. And after having seen part of Asia and Africa and almost made the tour of Europe, I think the honest English squire more 'appy, who verily believes the Greek wines less delicious than March beer, that the African fruits have not so fine a flavour as golden pippins, that the *Beca figuas* of Italy are not so well tasted as a rump of beef, and that in short there is no perfect enjoyment of this life out of Old England. I pray God I may think so for the rest of my life; and since I must be contented with our scanty al-

lowance of day-light, that I may forget
the enlivening sun of Constantinople.

I am, &c. &c. &c.

LET-

LETTER LIII

To Mr. P —

Dover, Novr. 1, O. S. 1718.

I Have this minute received a letter of yours sent me from Paris. I believe and hope I shall very soon see both you and Mr. *Congreve*; but as I am here in an inn, where we stay to regulate our march to London, bag and baggage, I shall employ some of my leisure time in answering that part of yours that seems to require an answer.

I must applaud your good nature in supposing that your pastoral lovers, (vulgarly call'd Haymakers) would have liv'd in everlasting joy and harmony, if the lightning had not interrupted

their scheme of happiness. I see no reason to imagine that *John Hagbes* and *Sarah Drew* were either wiser or more virtuous than their neighbours. That a well set man of twenty-five should have a fancy to marry a brown woman of eighteen, is nothing marvellous; and I cannot help thinking that had they married, their lives would have passed in the common track with their fellow-parishioners. His endeavouring to shield her from a storm was a natural action, and what he would have certainly done for his horse, if he had been in the same situation. Neither am I of opinion that their sudden death was a reward of their mutual virtue. You know the Jews were reprov'd for thinking a village destroyed by fire, more wicked than those that had escaped the thunder. Time and chance happen to all men. Since you desire me to try my skill

skill in an epitaph, I think the following
lines perhaps more just, tho' not so poe-
tical as yours.

Here lies John Hughes and Sarah Drew;
Perhaps you'll say, what's that to you?
Believe me, friend, much may be said
On that poor couple that are dead.
On Sunday next they should have married;
But see how oddly things are carried!
On Thursday last it rain'd and lighten'd,
These tender lovers sadly frighten'd,
Shelter'd beneath the cocking hay
In hopes to pass the time away.
But the BOLD THUNDER found them out
(Commission'd for that end no doubt)
And seizing on their trembling breath,
Consign'd them to the shades of death.
Who knows if 'twas not kindly done?
For had they seen the next year's fun,
A beaten wife and cuckold swain
Had jointly curs'd the marriage chain;
Now they are happy in their doom,
FOR POPE HAS WROTE UPON THEIR
TOMB.

I confess these sentiments are not altogether so heroic as yours; but I hope you will forgive them in favour of the two last lines. You see how much I esteem the honour you have done them; tho' I am not very impatient to have the same, and had rather continue to be your stupid, *living*, humble servant, than be *celebrated* by all the pens in Europe.

I would write to Mr. C——; but suppose you will read this to him if he enquires after me.

THE END.

